

Hip Hop (Tipanic Remix)

dead prez

It's bigger than hip hop
It's bigger than hip hop Uh, one thing 'bout music when it hit you feel no pain
White folks say it controls yo' brain
I know better than that, that's game
And we ready for that two soldiers head of the pack
Matter of fact, who got the Gat and where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
Back to beats, it don't reflect on how many records get sold
On sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll
Whether your project's put on hold
In the real world; these just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Against the real world (against the real world)
It's bigger than all these fake-ass records
When po' folks got the millions and my woman's disrespected
If you check 1-2, my word of advice to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work, then kick the facts
If you a fighter, rider, biter, flame-ignitor, crowd-exciter
Or you want to just get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-crier, agent wit' a wire
I'm gon' know it when I play it It's bigger than hip hop
It's bigger than hip hop Uh, who shot Biggie Smalls?
If we don't get them, they gon' get us all
I'm down for runnin' up on them crackers in they city hall
We ride for y'all all my dogs stay real
Nigga, don't think these record deals gon' feed your seeds
And pay your bills, because they not
MCs get a little bit of love and think they hot
Talkin' 'bout how much money they got all y'all records sound the same
I'm sick of that fake thug, R&B-rap scenario, all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material
Y'all don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line and signed and still be writing rhymes and broke
You would rather have a Lexus or justice, a dream or some substance?
A Beamer, a necklace, or freedom
Still a nigga like me don't playa-hate, I just stay awake
This real hip-hop and it don't stop
'Til we get the po-po off the block, they call it Hip hop

It's bigger than hip hop D.P.'s got that crazy shit
We keep it crunk-up, John Blazed and shit
D.P.'s got that crazy shit
We keep it crunk-up, John Blazed and shit
D.P.'s got that crazy shit
We keep it crunk-up, John Blazed and shit
D.P.'s got that crazy shit
We keep it crunk-up, John Blazed and shit
D.P.'s got that crazy shit
We keep it crunk-up

Songwriters

ANDREW MAIR, CLAYTON ANGELO GAVIN, LAVONNE ALFORD, VONKELI E.

WILLIAMSPublished by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>